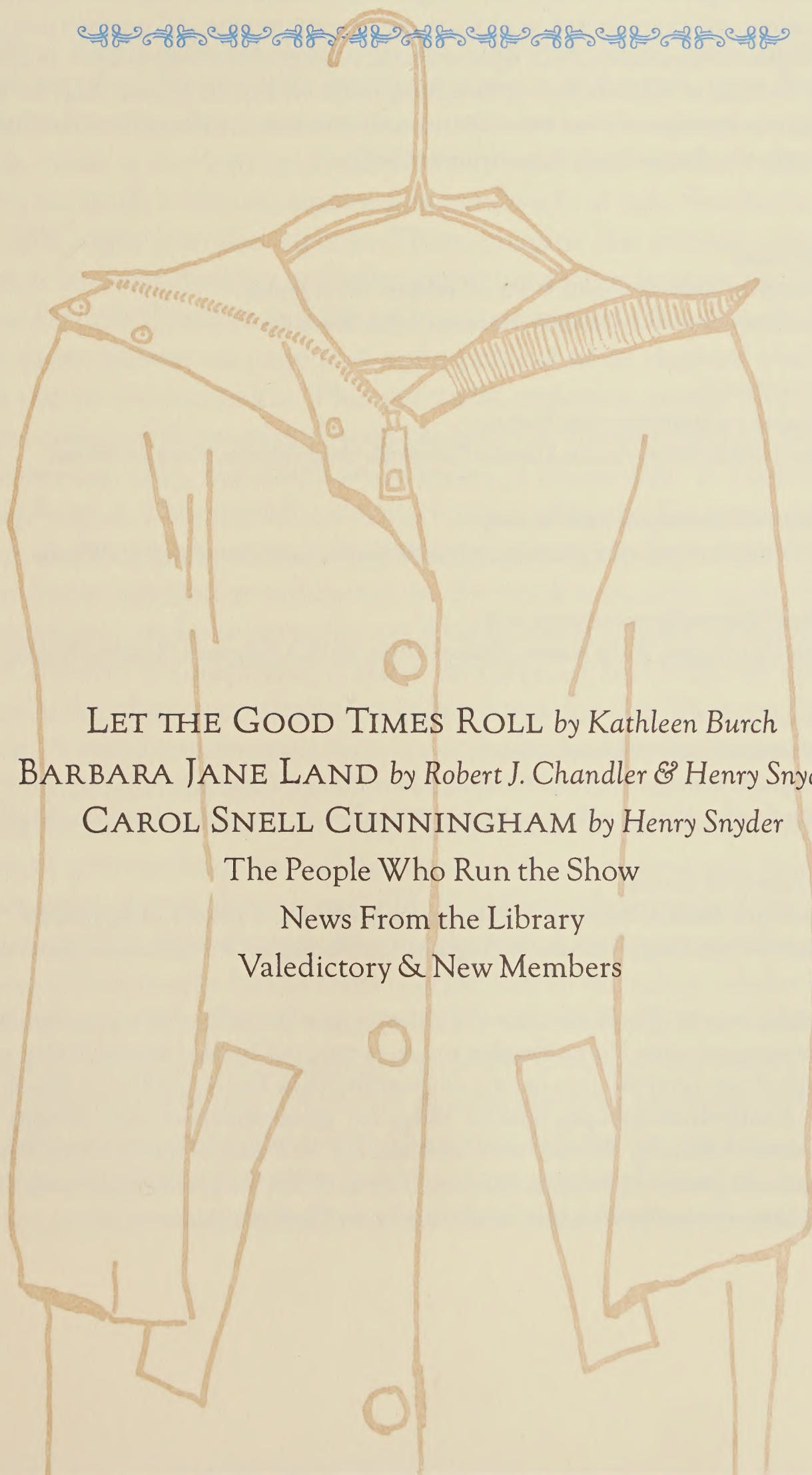


👉 THE BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA 👈

THE
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THE BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA is a non-profit membership corporation founded in 1912. It supports the art of fine printing related to the history and literature of California and the western states of America through research, publishing, public programs, and exhibitions. The Club is limited to 1,250 members, and membership in the Club is open to all. Annual renewals are due by January 1 of every year. Memberships are: Regular, \$95; Sustaining, \$150; Patron, \$250; Sponsor, \$500; Benefactor, \$1,000; Apprentice, \$35; and Student, \$25. All members receive the *Quarterly News-Letter* and, except for Apprentice and Student members, the current keepsake. All members have the privilege—but not the obligation—of buying Club publications, which are limited, as a rule, to one copy per member. All members may purchase extra copies of keepsakes or QN-Ls, when available. Portions of membership dues—in the amount of \$36 for Regular members, \$91 for Sustaining members, \$191 for Patrons, \$441 for Sponsors, and \$941 for Benefactors—are deductible in accordance with the Internal Revenue Code, as are donations, whether monetary or in the form of books.

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LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

by Kathleen Burch

SAN FRANCISCO CENTER FOR THE BOOK

Imagine a sunny autumn street in San Francisco filled with hundreds of book arts fans breathlessly watching while a seven-ton, 1924 Buffalo Springfield steamroller (painted like a calliope in blue-green and gold) fires up, toots a decorative cloud of steam and coal smoke, rolls, and appears to crush a sixteen-square-foot sandwich of ink, linoleum, and Rives BFK right into the asphalt. Then, imagine the crowd's *oohs* and *ahhs* as, to its astonishment and admiration, a pristine, large-scale print—such as Patricia Curtan's still life of her 120-year-old Chandler & Price platen press (shown on page 7, at eight percent of its original size)—is pulled out of the sandwich. This spectacle, repeated nearly fifty times over the course of the weekend, took place in the Potrero Flats on Sunday, September 29, 2013, the tenth anniversary of *Roadworks: A Steamroller Printing Festival*. This year's Roadworks happened for the first time in front, around, and inside the new studio facilities of the San Francisco Center for the Book, devoted to education in the book arts since 1996. Since January of 2013, we have occupied 375 Rhode Island Street (between 16th & 17th streets), a compound of three rectangular buildings set upon a triangular lot that once abutted a right-of-way for the Western Pacific Railway. A wood crossing post remains at the back of the lot, a weathered sign of the property's past.

In addition to the team of “inky hands” and “clean hands” who do the actual printmaking, several hundred book arts volunteers, teachers, vendors, institutions, donors, and SFCB staff members support this free, public street fair. Even though the star attraction is the steamroller printing drama, Roadworks has become a great way to introduce *all* the book arts to the general public. It is also a lovely way for the greater book arts community to spend time together: a veritable studio-on-the-street. This year was the first that the SFCB had Roadworks at its doorstep and thus could fully integrate its space with the street fair. In the studios, all-day demonstrations of calligraphy, bookbinding, personal journal making, and letterpress printing took place. On Rhode Island Street, forty outdoor

booths had a goodly number of browsers checking out printmakers, zine publishers, letterpress greeting cards; groups such as the Hand Bookbinders of California, The Book Club of California, and the Pacific Center for Book Arts; as well as the “side shows”: a printers’ garage sale and a colorful raffle organized by SFCB’s Director of Operations, Jeff Thomas.

How did Roadworks start? Why do we keep doing it?

In 2004, co-founder Mary Austin, who had heard of a similar event in New England, suggested the idea of a steamroller printing festival. Board member Nancy Coopersmith—then the able Printer’s Devil of the Roxburghe Club—enthusiastically researched and developed the steamroller street fair. On Saturday, October 30, 2004, Roadworks was born, the first program of its kind to be held on the West Coast. Over 500 people attended the inaugural event, held in the middle of Carolina Street between 15th and 16th streets, a block or two away from the SFCB. To foster the sense of spectacle, the Center devoted four tables to “side shows,” including SFCB’s home team of co-founders Austin and Burch as The Original Printed Ladies of San Francisco, handing out typographic tattoos and the occasional kiss. Then, we pulled each steamroller print off the street to the accompaniment of musical fanfare by the (surprisingly, clothed and costumed) Burning Band from Burning Man.

The festival brought the public closer to the power of printing by having people of all ages witness, enjoy, and participate in printing on a grand scale—after all, the prints measure 4 x 4 feet. Despite the wind that predictably kicked in at 3:30 p.m. and threatened to make each print take flight, Roadworks captured our hearts. Board member Thacher Hurd (whom BCC members may remember as the son of famed book illustrator Clement Hurd) exclaimed that it was the best day of his life!

The pioneering artists of the first year dove right in to learn and share their printmaking expertise with the cadre of enthusiastic volunteers. These artists included Charles and Ray Eames’ daughter, artist and sculptor Lucia Eames and her daughter Llisa Demetrios; printmakers Tom Killion and Laura Parker; serigrapher Rupert Garcia; sculptor Carl Dern; graphic designers Michael Osborne and Michael Bartalos; wood engraver Rik Olson; and Nance O’Banion, co-chair of the printmaking department at California College of the Arts. Each artist printed three copies of their print: one for their sponsor, one for the auction later that same night, and one for themselves. One work from that first year led to an impressive new project: Mike Bartalos’s 29 *Degrees North*, designed

as a Roadworks “book” in three panels, later became the first artist book published by Imprint, the publishing wing of SFCB.

In 2005, we held the street fair in September for its more predictable weather and the printer pool grew to fifteen artists. A blind embossed “print” as well as the first multi-color print highlighted that year’s Roadworks. Printmaker Nora Pawels and bookbinder John DeMerritt converted their print, *De Rekening*, into another artist book for Imprint in 2006.

In 2006, for the tenth anniversary of the SFCB’s founding, we—fittingly—asked artists to incorporate the number ten into their imagery. Midway through that particular street fair, disaster hit when the key to the steamroller broke off in the ignition. Until a new steamroller was brought in a few hours later, a much lighter-weight Prius substituted for the three-ton steamroller, and the printing process was augmented by hand-burnishers using metal soup spoons borrowed from a local diner.

In 2009, Roadworks moved to pleasant and nearly windless Rhode Island Street, and there the event really took off, becoming a San Francisco tradition attracting over 3,000 attendees each year thereafter. In fact, Roadworks has a way of cementing friendships begun at the fair and forging new traditions. One of the most remarkable traditions is that of Rik Olson, the renowned wood engraver of Sebastopol. Olson approaches his linoleum block carvings as if they were finely detailed wood engravings, albeit greatly, greatly enlarged. Every year, he has created a new broadside, each a completely new chapter of a witty, overarching narrative that follows the fantastical adventures—voyaging through space, time, and a number of civilizations—of the steamroller that his grandfather “Ole” Olson drove for the city of Oakland at the beginning of the twentieth century. These adventures have included traveling to a Neanderthal cave, the Italian Renaissance, and Albrecht Dürer’s hometown, an homage featuring angels in the clouds, minute details of birds, and an occasional rabbit, as well as a young Dürer carving his famous initials “AD” into a building. In 2012, the SFCB honored Olson’s finely articulated work in the exhibition *Rik in Detail*, with the nine prints then in existence taking up a full fifty-foot gallery wall.

Another tradition is to represent San Francisco with whimsy. Entries from our ingenious artists have included a map of the city’s streets drawn by Ruth McGurk; a hand-colored broadside honoring both the parrots of Telegraph Hill and San Francisco’s first female tugboat captain; a

typographic representation of Oscar Wilde's celebrated quip that San Francisco "must possess all the attractions of the next world"; the Sutro Tower as it might look while being destroyed by a three-headed Godzillian monster; the Ferry Building; Pier 70; a San Francisco street scene from "All Over Coffee" by Paul Madonna; and San Francisco Bay sailing by Kay Bradner and Charles Hobson, a past Book Club Oscar Lewis awardee. One year, fifteen artists teamed up to create a San Francisco Loteria, with cards ranging from *El Puente* (the Golden Gate Bridge) and *Los Gigantes* to *El Hipster*, *El Cable Car*, and *El Fog*.

Among steamroller-printing events, Roadworks is the only one that pulls off making gallery-quality prints. Our team makes the difference. This year, the heavy pressing came from the master of the steamroller, Chad Johnson; in the past, printmaker Brad Robinson and SFCB studio managers Katherine Case and Rhiannon Alpers pressed the pavement. We use oil-based ink formulated without driers and we print on 100-percent cotton Rives BFK that is dampened and humidified for twenty-four hours before the rollers hit the street. To each artist, we issue battleship linoleum, hard to carve but sturdy and eminently printable.

Before our tenth anniversary this year, we used a modern "street paver," filling its roller-wheel with many gallons of water to bring it up to the desired three-ton weight. The paver brings more pressure to bear than a Vandercook proof press but less than an etching press. Yet, we wanted a "real" steamroller; a "real" coal-fired steamroller; and a real seven-ton steamroller.

This year, thanks to T.J. and Curtiss Taylor's sponsorship, Chris Baldo of Roots of Motive Power trucked down a beautifully maintained, seven-ton 1924 Buffalo Springfield from Willits, California. The Buffalo, made in Springfield, Ohio, and the namesake of the 1960s rock band, was fired up with coal from San Francisco's Lazzari Brothers, whose grandfather had serviced many steamrollers a century ago. We thought the antique steamroller would provide only eye-candy, a photo op for the crowd, and a bit of old-timey ambiance . . . until Baldo announced that his team had come to print, and print they would, even if the Buffalo Springfield's seven tons mashed the linoleum print and pulped the paper. Rik Olson manned up and volunteered his linoleum block. Suspense turned to a connoisseur's delight when we saw that printing with seven tons made for our very best street printing ever, with a crisp impression bringing

out both the hand carving and very solid blacks. We now plan to use the Buffalo Springfield for future Roadworks!

Enjoy the colorful card designed by Studio Hinrichs for the tenth anniversary of Roadworks, a souvenir laid in this issue of the *Quarterly*. Note the new logo of the Center in the lower right hand of the card. Many thanks to Kit Hinrichs and his wonderful crew.

You can view this and past years' prints on the SFCB website, sfcb.org. During our decade of Roadworks, we have pulled ninety-nine suites of prints by as many artists. Do consider sponsoring a print or suggesting an artist.

Press on!

Kathleen Burch co-founded the San Francisco Center for the Book with Mary K. Austin. She served as President of the Book Club in 2009-2010, during the expansion of the Club's rooms.



Patricia Curtan, *Still Life with C&P*, printed at Roadworks in 2008 & 2013. 36 x 36 in.



BARBARA JANE LAND
August 25, 1943 - September 8, 2013
by Robert J. Chandler

On September 12, 2013, about 125 friends and Book Club members passed metal detectors to enter Temple Emanu-El and proceed to the Milton Meyer Sanctuary. All wished to remember Barbara Jane Land. Henry Snyder's eloquent tribute is reprinted below.

Barbara arrived in this world second between sister Frances, about ten years older, and Helen, slightly younger. Being a middle child can be rough. Additionally, Barbara was not physically coordinated, and, as with many brilliant people, was dyslexic; she solved complicated mathematical problems at age ten. In special education classes, Barbara keenly observed many were worse off than she.

She concentrated on her strengths, and her first and only typesetting was an autobiographical poem done as a Roxburghe keepsake. A photograph of a gnarled, straggly pine tree, ruggedly clinging to a rocky ledge became a self-portrait.

I even know what tree it is,
that stands monumental on a dome,
alone with no other around.
An ancient twisted tree of time,
enduring in the hard rock of reality.
A tree of pine wood barely alive,
but forthcoming each spring, new leaves.

Growing up, Barbara gained an appreciation of horticulture on her family's Sebastopol apple ranch. She graduated in this field from Oregon State University at Corvallis. Her thumb became almost Irish from her long hours at Strybing Arboretum plant sales. Orchids were her specialty for thirty-eight years at the now-named San Francisco Botanical Garden. Books and Barbara blended. She began in the 1960s with a Master of Library Science degree from Texas Woman's University at Denton. Her own fine book collection contained ones important to printing and philosophy. We saw our first copy of Thomas Hobbes' 1660 *Leviathan* in

her hands. Cookbooks were another favorite. Once out of school, she became a librarian at the 52nd Street Public Library in New York City. Located in the jazz center, the Donnell Library Center was the second busiest in the famed New York Public Library system.

Thyroid cancer unfortunately emerged and the radiation that killed it irreparably damaged Barbara's lungs. She returned to California with the pneumonia that would be her constant companion for decades. Yet, she thrived in her birth city of San Francisco. Public librarian in the Big Apple proved to be the only full-time job she ever held, but Barbara gave indefatigable time and energy to five concurrent part time ones—wearing her trade-mark raincoat.

In the 1970s Bay City, Barbara joined about all of the bookish societies, often becoming their archivist. The Book Club, Roxburghe Club, and Colophon Club come to mind. "She was a living encyclopedia of knowledge about them all," Signa Houghteling writes.

Barbara had studied bookbinding while in New York with the acclaimed writer, restorer, and binder Laura Young. Thus, she gravitated to local bookbinders after she returned to California. She would have been a founding member of the Hand Bookbinders of California in March 1972, Signa writes, "had she gotten the name of the church right" and arrived at that organizing meeting. She missed few meetings after that.

Barbara's father, Lewis, was culturally, but not religiously Jewish, and upon his death in 1987, Barbara returned to the temple. She easily mastered all of the classes—well, she truly was a "know-it-all"—and found contentment in the enchanting music of the service.

Temple Emanu-El built a new library, but then did not shelve or catalogue its stored holdings. In 1995, Barbara offered to do it. Her Rabbi quipped that they had every German language prayer book ever printed; certain boxes disappeared before Barbara went to work. Each morning, the two would rush to the mail desk. Barbara sought orphans to take in; the Rabbi wished to avoid so much clutter. Wrestling continued on the stairs... Barbara went to great lengths to house both the unwanted and the wanted books. The Book Club of California Collection is magnificently richer due to her gifts, always made quietly.

Longtime Executive Secretary Ann Whipple recalls, "I often feel grateful for Barbara's great help at the Club—she cheerfully took on jobs that would have daunted most others. It was always a treat to see her and [librarian] Albert Sperisen with their bookish heads together!"

Cataloguing nourished her. When Adolph Sutro's Library Collection of 12,000 English-language imprints published between 1473 and 1800 needed descriptions for the English Short-Title Catalogue, Barbara did them all. (Need it be added she had a photographic memory?) Congresswoman Jackie Speier, as a member of the California State Assembly, thanked Barbara by resolution.

If Barbara did not know an answer, she never simply guessed. Rather, she delighted in the intellectual challenge and set off in search of the answer to expand her knowledge. We always tried to find something on bookish topics where we knew more than Barbara did. Alas, we never succeeded. "I'm sorry to tell you this..." she would say, and we received a well-deserved smirk.

What a grand woman! Barbara ignored compliments but accepted gratitude. The raincoat girl would have been absolutely embarrassed, but her memorial service and the many fond recollections it evoked demonstrated how much we loved Barbara Land.

We long to hear "I'm BAAAACK!" as when she returned from lunch. Yet, we will not. We have, it seems a "Minor Technical Difficulty." Here, Barbara would certainly cock her head left and right, then add, "Indubitably."



One Book Club member's tribute to Barbara Jane Land, 1945-2013.

REMARKS DELIVERED AT BARBARA'S MEMORIAL SERVICE
Temple Emanu-El, San Francisco, September 12, 2013
by Henry Snyder

We celebrate today the life of Barbara Jane Land, who was a fixture in the book world of San Francisco and beyond for more decades than some of us can remember. I first encountered her over thirty years ago in 1979. The previous year, while a professor and dean at the University of Kansas, I had been elected North American Director of the then Eighteenth Century Short Title Catalog. The following year, I began to attend the annual meetings of the American Library Association and its subgroup, the rare books and manuscripts section. It was there that I first met Barbara, who was a stalwart member of the ALA. I visited with her each year at subsequent meetings and recognized her enthusiasm, expertise, and dedication to the world of books.

Barbara did not intend at first to pursue a career as a professional librarian. Her parents owned several orchards in Sebastopol and initially she planned to manage those properties. She attended Oregon State University where she studied horticulture and was secretary of the Horticultural Club for three years. She graduated with degrees both in horticulture and English. But then she changed direction and went on to Texas Woman's University. There she took a master's degree in Library Science and embarked upon a new path that was to be a multifaceted and enriching one for her. Her first position was at no less august an institution than the New York Public Library. In New York she took advantage of the opportunity to study bookbinding with Laura Young. But she only stayed in the city for several years, as health problems put an end to her employment. She returned to San Francisco and settled down as a freelance librarian and cataloger.

As director of the ESTC, as the project was called, my job was to enlist the cooperation of libraries in North America to contribute records of their holdings. I learned of the riches of the little-known Sutro Library in San Francisco and enlisted Barbara's help in reporting them. She responded positively and undertook the charge, which she completed single-handedly and expertly. The project required searching out the relevant items, retrieving them, photocopying the title pages, creating full bibliographic descriptions, and sending the records first to Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge and then to the University of California

at Riverside. In all, Barbara sent us records for nearly 6,000 items, making that material publicly known for the first time. There were many rare items, including, among our more interesting discoveries, unique broadsides from the Sir Joseph Banks papers.

In the late 1980s, after many calls to extend the scope of the ESTC backwards in time to include the whole of English printing, from its inception circa 1475 to 1801, we did so. I turned to Barbara again and she reported the holdings for the period 1641-1700, an extraordinary 5,067 additional titles. I use the word extraordinary deliberately because in the whole of the ESTC's nearly 500,000 records, the seventeenth century records comprise only 20%, but of those, thanks to Barbara, the Sutro holdings comprise nearly half.

Fast-forward now to 2009. At the end of that year, Kathleen Burch, the incoming President of The Book Club of California, brought me onto the Board. I was assigned to the Library Committee and there I encountered Barbara once again, in her guise as the long-time librarian of The Book Club of California. A few months later, I became chairman of the Library Committee. The Book Club was then engaged in a major move and remodeling, which included moving the library into its own space. The challenges that the move presented have been my major preoccupation ever since. One of the decisions the Library Committee made was to create an online catalog.

Barbara and I visited major vendors at the American Library Association exhibits that June and chose the system we now employ. Once we were settled in our new quarters, we took on the task of entering all our holdings into the new system. Though the Club was founded a century ago, it was not until the mid-1950s that a concerted effort was made to create a library that supported the Club's mission. This was largely through the efforts of Albert Sperisen, who as board member and librarian created a rationale for the library, made planning decisions about it, and then worked vigorously to implement these decisions. Barbara joined Albert in the library, and when he died she succeeded him as librarian. For nearly four decades she worked unstintingly to carry out Sperisen's vision and manage the Club's collections.

It was Barbara who created the card catalog of the library's holdings. Using the same methods she employed for the ESTC, she reported the items one by one to Online Computer Library Center (OCLC), providing much more bibliographic detail and copy information than we previously

had recorded. The results formed the foundation of our current online catalog and the original wooden card catalog will be retained in the Club as a physical monument to Barbara's enterprise and dedication, as is the collection itself.

The Club provided only a small acquisition fund, so the library's growth was made possible largely by gifts. Barbara herself was the most important donor, purchasing books from her own resources to enrich the holdings. She conducted tours and made regular presentations to encourage members to explore the library. She edited three keepsakes, which highlight some of the special items we own, many acquired by Barbara herself. She created an archival set of the Club's publications, which she kept locked away to ensure its retention.

Barbara's abilities and talents made her an indispensable pillar and custodian of the Book Club's heritage. She worked assiduously and tirelessly to build a rich collection of ephemera that we are only now in a position to tap. She was bright and intellectually curious. From an oral history taken in 2006, John McBride reports she could read fourteen languages, though she spoke "only French and German and enough Italian and Spanish to get by. I read, in addition to those, Portuguese, Latin, Danish, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, some Latin, and some Hebrew. And I can probably read Catalan and Romansch, and I can do Chinese and Japanese with a dictionary—which I don't count."

She acquired a formidable knowledge about the history of the book and the press, notably the fine press in California and the West. Her range of information was encyclopedic. Above all, she had a photographic memory of both the Club and the library and its contents. She and Albert put together a collection that tracked the history and evolution of the printed book that now provides a wonderful teaching and exhibition resource. If any of us had a question related to the development of the book in the western world, we had only to call upon Barbara and an answer was forthcoming.

The miracle of Barbara was that not only did she provide this wonderful service and resource to the Book Club, which was itself a lifetime achievement, but she did it for other organizations as well. Of course, her first love was Temple Emanu-El, where she became librarian in 1995. She was also a founding member of the Colophon Club, another book-oriented organization, and served as its treasurer for fourteen years. Her memberships extended to the Hand Bookbinders of California in 1972,

where she was again a key member. For years she hosted the Colophon Club's annual December holiday potluck dinner at her home in Sea Cliff. When the Roxburghe Club of California opened its membership to women, in 1982, Barbara was elected a member and then succeeded Duncan Olmsted as archivist. Year after year, decade after decade, she assembled the ephemera, pamphlets, and books that are produced by these organizations and distributed as keepsakes at their meetings. She retained a personal collection for each that is probably, organization by organization, among the most complete in existence. But she also collected sets for the Book Club, which created a public repository for these materials. The scope of her industry, perseverance, and tenacity remains unrivaled in the book world of San Francisco.

Barbara's energy was extraordinary. Her efforts did not end with Temple Emanu-El or her book-related memberships. She was an active member of the Strybing Arboretum, heading the orchid section of the yearly plant sale. I remember her telling me one day that she was unable to be at the Book Club because she was delivering carloads of plants from the peninsula to the arboretum for its plant sale! For any of us privileged to ride as a passenger with Barbara, it was an experience to remember. She piloted a large vintage mercury sedan of a size now becoming a dinosaur and was a formidable presence on the road, belying her delicate appearance.

When Barbara returned from New York she settled in with her parents at Sea Cliff and looked after both of them until their deaths. Then she sold the house and moved into a vintage apartment on Lake Street with her substantial printed collections. In late 2010, she took an extended trip to the Antipodes. She was not well when she left, and not long after her return she went into the hospital and then a rest home for an extended stay. When she recovered sufficiently she returned to the Book Club and helped create the new online catalog. Somehow she found the energy to continue to attend the meetings of the American Library Association and the rare book and manuscript section, where she performed duties as she did for so many organizations. I visited her a number of times while she was hospitalized and found her always alert, positive, and eager to help. I would take her printouts of records I had created and she edited them with her sharp eye and added in little notes about provenance and condition that only Barbara would have known.

When she was well enough to visit the Club she was once again indefatigable in her efforts. She created collection-level records for all the ephemera—more than 600 items—and cataloged all the keepsakes published by the Club, creating hundreds of analytic records detailing their contents. She was thrilled when she learned of the project to add additional bookcases to the library and the plan to create a workroom for the library in part of the storeroom. Barbara was an adornment to every organization in which she participated. Self-effacing and never in the limelight, she was an indispensable and valued contributor and colleague. She had a wry sense of humor. Her discretion and unobtrusive personality were marked, but as one grew to know, admire, and love her, one appreciated all her exceptional qualities. We will miss her presence, her eccentricities, and her participation. But we all cherish her friendship, her memory, and the way in which she enriched the lives of all around her and contributed so much to the book scene of San Francisco.



CAROL SNELL CUNNINGHAM

September 4, 1925 - September 7, 2013

by Henry Snyder

Carol Cunningham passed away peacefully at her home in Mill Valley on September 7, 2013. Carol was born in La Grange, Illinois, into an impressively affectionate, healthy Midwestern family. From a very young age she showed astonishing dexterity and focus, making acid etchings in the family basement while her two siblings impressed visitors upstairs with their musical prowess. She was a graduate of the University of Illinois. As a young mother of two boys, Carol moved with her husband Bruce (an Air Force lieutenant colonel) to Japan in 1959, where the local woodcut printmaking sparked her imagination. Carol's first book, *A Book of Many Things*, utilized Alphabits (cereal) for the type-face and featured primitive wood cuts of dragonflies, bees, a whale, and other animals. It was intended for her sister's children, Janet, Kathy, and Ruth.

When her family moved to San Diego, Carol bought a printing press and took up bookmaking in earnest. When they moved subsequently to Mill Valley, Bruce built a detached room where she set up her print shop. Under the aegis of the Sunflower Press, Carol produced more than fifty miniature books and thirty-five other publications over five decades, some in collaboration with illustrators, notably Dianne Weiss and Marcie Collin. Carol wrote the texts and designed, illustrated, and printed her books. They are distinguished for their originality and wry sense of humor. A number were bound by her good friend, Joe D'Ambrosio. She gave her collection of her own imprints as well as those given to her by fellow printers to The Book Club of California in San Francisco, more than 200 items in all. She was an active member of the Moxon Chappel, an organization of printers and book designers, and attended its most recent meeting only weeks before her death. In addition to Moxon, she was a member of the Colophon Club, the Small Book Club of Marin, Pacific Center for the Book Arts, and the Miniature Book Society. Carol and Diane Weiss began the popular and still flourishing printers' fair at Fort Mason. Permanent collections of her works are kept in more than fifteen libraries and museums across the country. Carol received numerous prizes

and awards, including First Prize, oil painting, Famous Artists School; Painter of the Year award, British Printing Society; and the Milley Award for Lifetime Achievement in the Book Arts, City of Mill Valley. Carol was a flutist and played in a quartet that gave recitals, together with other amateur groups, for decades. Carol was predeceased by her husband, Bruce, in 2006 and her son, Douglas, in 1972. She is survived by her son and his wife, Charles Cunningham and Jacqueline Phelan of Fairfax; her brother, Stuart Snell of Montclair; and nieces and nephews.

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THE PEOPLE WHO RUN THE SHOW

The Book Club of California has a new executive director! We met a composed Jennifer Sime less than a week after she took the helm. Our President was dancing a hornpipe, for Jennifer had already fathomed Book Club finances. She kept calm and carried on. Our leadsman shouted, “No Bottom!” so Captain Sime will not run us aground.

Jennifer graduated in 1991 with distinction from Barnard College, a New York women’s college affiliated with Columbia University, and received her Master’s degree in the History of Art from the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. Practical experience came at the Phoenix Art Museum, the Baltimore Museum of Art, and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art where, among other duties, Jennifer helped to research and catalogue photographs from the Prentice and Paul Sack Photographic Trust at SFMOMA, many of which are housed in Paul Sack’s offices at 49 Geary Street—also home to the fine and enticing bookshops of John Crichton and John Windle.

In the 1990s, Jennifer honed her people and artistic skills as director of the Lisa Sette Gallery in that wild territory of Arizona. Sette, also a student of art history and photography, made her Scottsdale gallery a place to see and be. Her personal vision demands “stimulating and moving” contemporary art, photographs, and sculpture. Some pieces are “quiet and compelling;” others address “the social issues of our time.”

Augmenting and reinforcing her command of the visual is Jennifer’s work at writing and editing, which has focused particularly on assisting Bay Area architects and contemporary art galleries. Lately, being stout-hearted and with, we hope, a predilection for quaffing stout, she was managing editor for William Stout Publishers.

Stout has published a number of important works on Bay Area architecture and design, including *Architecture of the San Francisco Bay Area* (2006), which is also a guide with maps. His *A Century of Teaching Architecture at the University of California, Berkeley, 1903-2003* (2010) contains memoirs of its faculty, noted architects, and students in a program that became the first to consider architecture as an applied social science and to include social factors in design. Working with Bill, Jennifer edited a range of books including *History’s Anteroom: Photography in San Francisco, 1906-1909* by Roger Birt and Marvin Nathan (2011) and the just-released

Donald Olsen: Architect of Habitable Abstractions by Pierluigi Serraino (2013). Bill Stout, as a member of the Club's Publications Committee, recommended Jennifer edit this year's forthcoming Club keepsake on early French explorers of California.

We know that blonds have more fun; Jennifer Sime is working with us. Apropos, she and her architect husband, Eric Robinson, are raising two daughters, nine and thirteen. Jennifer can handle the Board.



Next comes a tale of a shy lass—who quietly gets things done. Meet our programs manager and *QN-L* managing editor Georgie Devereux. Perhaps such demure demeanor arises from the Quaker heritage of the City of Brotherly Love from whence she comes. With the spirit of William Penn floating in the air around her, she decided to write and then moved into the heritage of this nation. She settled within the aura of Mt. Vernon and Christopher Columbus. The particular spot was Gambier, Ohio; the specific destination, Kenyon College. There Georgie worked for the famed *Kenyon Review*, honing her poetic writing and, in the summers, assisting emerging high school writers. (In June of 2013, Georgie returned for a literary and book arts workshop.) A Master of Fine Arts in creative writing at New York University followed.

We see a pattern emerge: Surname: Devereux; College town: Gambier. Georgie was destined to study in France. Two summers assisting with NYU's Writers in Paris Program was all too short. Georgie spent an additional six months working for Delpire Editeur, the photography publishing house and another year at an art school in Aix-en-Provence.

Georgie is indeed artistic. She paints, writes poetry, and editorially manages the *QN-L*. While in New York, she became an Adjunct Professor at her alma mater, interned in the Publications Department at the Museum of Modern Art, and worked for New Directions Publishing, Inc. Of course a young poet would land there. James Laughlin began aiding such transformations in 1936. Past her impressionistic French stage, this maturing woman lived in Brooklyn to cultivate her creativity.

Even the best Big Apples get worms and Georgie switched the old east coast for a West Coast Lifter. The City of fog, sourdough, and left coastiness agrees with her. She began work for the Book Club in

February 2011, but we do not get all of her. Georgie works part-time at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art in the Education and Public Programs Department and the Content Strategy & Digital Engagement Department. We will not even think what that last group does.

Georgie writes, “My passion for visual art rivals my passion for writing.” The Club gets a “twofer.”



Kristina Kearns is the Club’s new membership manager. She grew up in Hebron, New York, a town of 1,700 in the foothills of the Adirondacks. It is so close to the Vermont border that Kristina may be eligible to join Ethan Allen’s Green Mountain Boys. This pleasant farming land, known for the Beauty of Hebron Potato and dairy farms, was without TV and other amusements. This void left Kristina to discover the real source of knowledge: Books. She even spent her college years in rural upstate New York, books in hand.

However, Kristina’s cultural anthropology major sent her to Kodiak Island, Alaska. Here she aided communities through training members in skills, such as producing fishing equipment, to make them essential. Finding the island unbearable, that is, to her regret, she never saw a Kodiak Bear, she came south. After all, as that song from the Great War stated, “How ya gonna keep ‘em down on the farm after they’ve seen San Franciscee?”

In the Bay City, Kristina gravitated to Dave Eggers, artist, novelist, publisher, and warrior for social justice. In 2002, he co-founded 826 Valencia, a program “dedicated to supporting students ages 6-18 with their writing skills, and to helping teachers get their students excited about the literary arts.” Its 1,700 volunteers teach 6,000 students annually and it has spawned seven such centers across the country.

The first lesson is to pronounce “ARRGGGH!” with proper inflection, tone, and volume. As 826 Valencia is zoned for business, Eggers had to offer retail. His whimsy chose San Francisco’s only pirate supply store.

Directly across the street is McSweeney’s Publishing along with *Voice of Witness*. Kristina’s humanitarian impulses led her to vow to be a longtime assistant for VOW. This VOW is a book series dedicated to illuminating human rights crises through oral history.

One Voice of Witness editor owned a book store and within it, Kristina helped found the Paravion Press. Similar to the Armed Forces Editions of

World War II, it produces limited editions of cherished short works meant to be shared, and tailored for mail. The staff binds them all by hand. Book binding was all Greek to Kristina, so to gain knowledge, she headed off to Santorini, Greece to manage the store for a year.

Here again, Kristina was an Island Girl. Sitting in the Aegean Sea 120 miles southeast of the Greek mainland, Classical Thera exemplified the Big Bang Theory. Some 3,600 years ago, its volcanic caldera exploded, swamping nearby Crete, leaving only a small island and a large lagoon, and probably erupting into the tale of the lost city of Atlantis. Well, a myth is as good as a mile, and Kristina has her own Santorini stories to tell and bind.



Our alert, aware, and up-to-date operations manager Eric Cromie likes beautiful language. All came to the fore when he graduated with honors in Arabic and International Affairs from the University of Colorado at Boulder. His heart then acted as if he were in the Army; it assigned him far afield from his major. Eric landed in Buenos Aires.

You cannot peg Eric. In Argentina, he wrote in English and Spanish for a small arts magazine, providing a literate “Serendipity” for what’s up down town. Back state-side, for seven months, he guided groups of European tourists across country for “a very strange/exhilarating experience.” Afterwards, to illustrate talents desired at the Book Club, Eric aided large tech companies here in the Bay Area to go local. Supervising eighty linguists around the world, his group translated websites, programs, code, apps, and provided printed materials, including literature and poetry.

How did we get Eric? As an expert on the world, he arrived in San Francisco. Where else? [We acknowledge a differing opinion from the southern part of this state.] His arrival in the Golden State was naturally natural and he may have an affinity for our neighboring Silver State. After all, the name “La Argentina,” or “Silver,” comes from a 1602 Spanish poem, while “California” came from a 1510 Spanish novel.

The book arts enticed Eric, and he gravitated to us, naturally. His heart made this deployment sustainable. First, Eric writes. “Copywriting for bread, short fiction for nourishment,” says he. Second, he is an apprentice printer, interning in Paul Maloney’s shop, sticking type and printing large-scale reproductions in various mediums. Binding comes next. The BCC aids him; he aids the BCC. Another “twofer!”

NEWS FROM THE LIBRARY

by Henry Snyder

The big news indeed for the year and beyond is the gift of the Florence Walter Grabhorn Collection, given to the Club's library by Margot and Perry Biestman. At the time of its donation it was said to be the largest collection of the Grabhorn Press in private hands. As the press is the best known and thereby the most important in San Francisco and California of the last century, the collection is central to the mission of the library and the Book Club. For years, the Grabhorns were our prime printers. Between 1921 and 1965, they produced 51 of 108 Club titles.

Added to her Grabhorns is Florence's own collection of her bindings, passed down through her children and grandchildren to the Book Club. These gifts ensure that Florence will be celebrated, honored, and remembered not only at the Club but also in the world of books of which she was so long a fixture.

The Walter gift, joined with the gift of the Clifford Burke collection two years ago, the Carol Cunningham collection, and others, have transformed the library since the remodeling in 2010. Now we are in the process of further major renovations, which we expect to complete by the end of November. They include bookcases along the east wall of the library, the creation of a workroom in the south end of the storeroom, and the addition of a vitrine in the library and shallow display cabinets in the hall to enable us to show off more of the collection.

A number of monetary gifts have made these renovations possible. Generosity arrived from Barbara Land, Noel Kirshenbaum in memory of Sandra DeNola Kirshenbaum, and the Walter grandchildren in memory of Florence Walter. Paul Robertson capped all with an extraordinary gift of 200 shares of Apple stock.

In addition to our representative collection of books from the hundreds of twentieth and twenty-first century fine presses in California, we preserve their ephemera, those beautiful items printed in limited quantities and often not saved. The Club has some 100 boxes of fine press ephemera. Full or multiple boxes hold the work of the Allen Press, the Arion Press, the Eucalyptus Press, the Grabhorn Press, Grabhorn-Hoyem, The Greenwood Press, Taylor & Taylor, Adrian Wilson, Lawton Kennedy, John Henry Nash, the Plantin Press, Ward Ritchie, The Roxburghe Club,

the Zamorano Club, and the Rounce & Coffin. Among the other boxes are significant holdings of Patrick Reagh, Peter Koch, Jonathan Clark, and other printers of today.

Our splendid collection, formed over half a century, arrived almost entirely from gifts. We invite all readers of this newsletter to emulate these illustrious benefactors and maintain the momentum they initiated. Let me summarize our collection development policy, laid down in the 1950s by Albert Sperisen, maintained for decades by Barbara Jane Land, and thriving today.

The library exists to administer, develop, and preserve the book, manuscript, and archival collections of The Book Club of California, and to make them available to Book Club members and the public. The library, with its bibliographic valuable and unique items, implements the Club's mission to further the book arts. Its collecting policy has four parts:

- A. All Club publications and appropriate books by Club members. Fine press books and ephemera printed in California, as well as examples of such material printed elsewhere in the West.
- B. A reference and teaching collection of books on printing history and the book arts. Included are bibliographical studies, both of presses and individual collectors; general aspects of printing techniques, i.e., color printing, type cutting, collotype; and books on related arts, i.e., paper-making, type casting.
- C. Select examples beginning in the fifteenth-century of specimens of printing techniques and historically important printers. All variety of work by nineteenth-century California book and job printers, with an emphasis on San Francisco printers.
- D. A representative selection of reference books on California and Western history and literature that supply background for the fine press collection.

Our collecting budget is modest. We have sparse coverage of the current output of fine presses of California as we lack the purchase funds. Several newsletters ago we listed three items for which we invited donations so we could add them to our collections. I am pleased to announce a gift from member Allen Mears, which made it possible for us to acquire the Russell Maret set. Many thanks, Allen.

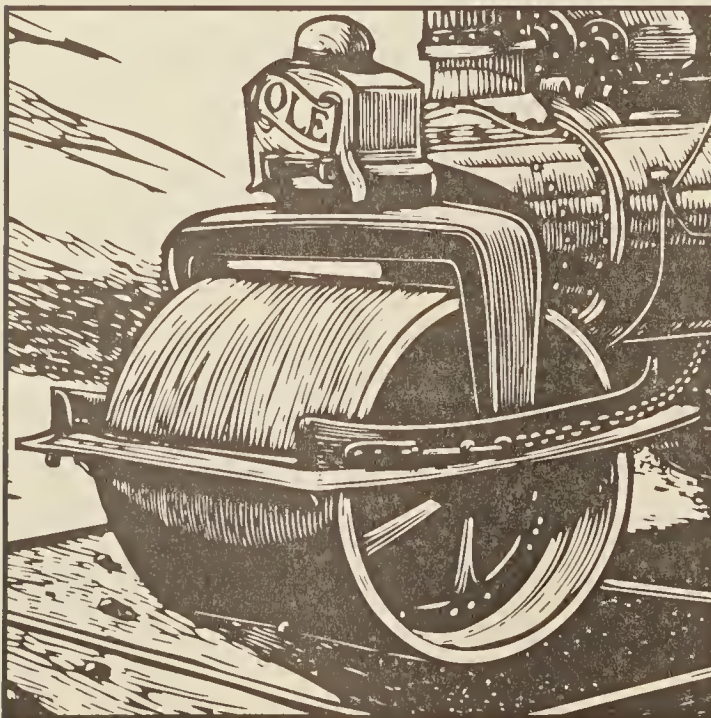
We still seek donors for the following:

The Persephones, by Nathaniel Tarn, printed by Carolee Campbell at the Ninja Press. A set of long poems in twelve unbound folios held in a goat parchment cover. Campbell used sumi ink and salt to paint them front and back. \$1,700.

COSMOGNIE INTIME: An Intimate Cosmogony, printed by Felicia Rice at the Moving Parts Press. Five poems by French poet Yves Peyré, illustrated by Ray Rice with pen-and-ink drawings enriched with multiple colors using the pacer or stenciling process. This 10 x 15 inch accordion-fold book extends to 18 feet and is housed in a paper slipcase and a cloth-covered box. \$2,200.

In addition, we welcome and invite members to volunteer their time to the library. COME JOIN US! There is a myriad of tasks to perform, especially as we re-shelve and expand into our enhanced facilities. These include organizing, shelving, maintaining files, sorting ephemera, and, above all, cataloging. We are desperately in need of trained catalogers to help us with our backlog and in editing our online catalog. We intend to develop educational programs and need docents to provide assistance to patrons.

Please contact Henry Snyder at hlsnyder@earthlink.net, 510-528-5113 (home), or 510-418-4234 (cell) if you would like to make a contribution to the library or serve as a volunteer.



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VALEDICTORY

The world changes. On August 22, Maxfield Parish's 1909 *Pied Piper* painting returned to its place of honor over the bar at the Palace Hotel; on September 2, the soaring white eastern span of the Bay Bridge, with its expanded view of the Port of Oakland and room for bikers and hikers, opened; and on September 12, the legislature, without a peep from San Francisco, named the western span after Mayor Willie Brown, the sharpest political mind in California.

We think the Bay Bridge should have borne the name of its 1872 instigator, Emperor Norton I. In all of these United States, only San Francisco may claim such an exalted ruler. The Sandwich Islands had only kings and queens.

We were recently reading a morning paper, competition to the upstart *Dramatic Chronicle*, we add, and found in the *Alta California*: "HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY—His Imperial Majesty, Norton I, Emperor of the United States and [Protector of] Mexico commenced his forty-eighth year Saturday, February 4, 1865." Now we have a date to celebrate. You read this discovery here first!

The Gold Dust Lounge, a venerable watering hole rudely evicted from 247 Powell Street on Union Square after eighty years, is at 165 Jefferson Street on Fisherman's Wharf. On September 17, it rejoiced at the 154th anniversary of peaceful solution to the most serious political crisis the young state had faced. A circular from that jollification explains all:

"CITIZENS OF CALIFORNIA: A Senator lies dead in our midst," orator Edward Baker thundered to San Franciscans on September 16, 1859, as red-shirted miners gathered. David Terry, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, had slain United States Senator David Broderick in a duel. California's two highest officials could no longer govern. No advice would come from Washington, a month away by stagecoach or steamer.

One man stepped forward to save California from Constitutional Chaos: Joshua Abraham Norton (1818-1880). Born into a Jewish family in London and raised in South Africa, Norton sought riches during the Gold Rush. Prosperity in 1849 dissolved in a few years into bankruptcy. Some rumored his sharp mercantile mind also disappeared, but now he would aid his adopted home.

On September 17, 1859, Golden State uncertainty ceased: “At the peremptory request of a large majority of the citizens of these United States, I, Joshua Norton ... declare and proclaim myself Emperor of these U[nited] S[tates].” Quickly, His Majesty asked national representatives to assemble in San Francisco to “cause confidence to exist, both at home and abroad, in our stability and integrity.”

For twenty years, Emperor Norton spoke for the voiceless. His proclamations appeared in the San Francisco daily press and the weekly African American *Pacific Appeal*.

In 1862, when French imperialists invaded our neighbor to the south, Emperor Norton aided Benito Juarez’s Liberals, adopting the title “Protector of Mexico.”

Emperor Norton advocated toleration for all creeds, conditions, and colors. His Majesty opposed Sunday Laws that oppressed Germans and Jews; called for schools to teach foreign languages to maintain cultural diversity; and insisted that sailors, often shanghaied, receive fair wages and decent living conditions.

His Majesty demanded that streetcars and public schools be desegregated for black men and women; that Chinese be allowed to testify in court and their mistreatment cease; and that fraudulent Indian Agents be punished before assembled chiefs. What His Majesty lost in the 1850s, he gained in humanity in the 1860s and 1870s.

Hail Emperor Norton!

Emperor Norton’s compassion is bedrock San Francisco history that continues to resonate. On August 19, ninety-year-old José Saria joined his husband, Norton I, and lies just a few feet forward of his grave. In 1961, Saria became the first openly gay candidate to run for office in the nation as a supervisor for San Francisco. Building on the tolerant example of His Majesty, in 1964, Saria became Empress José I, the Widow Norton. Thus Emperor Norton’s legacy pollinates the future.

While the antics of the wily Brown, record holder for years as Speaker of the Assembly, brought term limits, our Club president applied lessons learned to this rambunctious scribbler. She and the Publications Committee will make the QN-L proper, livelier and well-attuned. It is proper a new editor should properly greet our new executive director, the properly personable and properly capable Jennifer Sime.

As we dismount from the Editorial Tripod, we recall we took command of the QN-L in late 1996. That is So Twentieth-Century! That was about the time we finally accepted the Telegraph. We did so only because our late employer, Henry Wells, he of American and Wells, Fargo & Co's Expresses, built the first commercial telegraph line in the country. We are still puzzled that the Navy would use dirty, expensive fossil fuels on its ships for steam power, replacing that fine, free, clean energy, the wind.

Through the years, we have produced much for the Club. We have delighted in writing keepsakes on the Civil War in California, Gold Camps, and Pacific Mail Steamships. Saddened, though, we report that our Pacific Mail co-author and BCC member Stephen J. Potash (1945-2013) boarded the pioneer PMSS *California* on August 2, two days past our own seventy-first birthday, for that final voyage westward from which none of us ever returns.

Potash so loved his job as a publicist for the American President Lines, successor to the Pacific Mail, that he built a fabulous collection of large lithographs and chromolithographs from the 1850s through the 1870s, seascapes, Chinese trade paintings, and posters of the later ships. He augmented these with big ship models, huge broadsides, posters, stereo views, correspondence, and other ephemera. Potash's magnificent companion collection was ornate Chinese Trade Silver, manufactured from 1775 to 1885 for resident foreign merchants, ship captains, and western trade generally. We shall not see the likes of Steve Potash again.

A specialist in Pacific Rim commerce, Potash joined the formative California-Asia Business Council in 1983, which in 1992 dispatched the first postwar business delegation to Vietnam. The U.S. Commerce Department credited Cal-Asia with normalizing commercial and diplomatic relations with our former enemy.

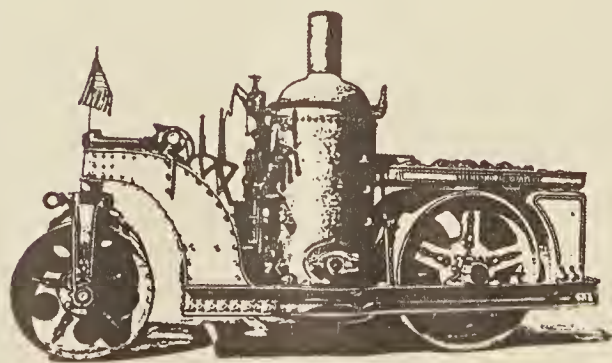
Each fall this fine organization, run by BCC member Jeremy Potash, presents the New Silk Road Award to someone who has fostered such commerce. On October 25, Weili Dai, president of Marvell Technology Group, received this prestigious honor. The Shanghai-born Dai with a B.S. from UC Berkeley is the only female co-founder of a major semiconductor company.

However, this final column is really a word selfie, as we survey, à la Jasper O'Farrell, our time with the Club as director, president, and secretary. Accepting the Club's dedication to the Book Arts, we perversely applied it

to job printing. Next spring, the University of Oklahoma Press will release our study of African American Grafton Tyler Brown, San Francisco lithographer, 1860-1882, and commercial landscape painter, 1882-1891.

We have had fun these past seventeen years with the *Quarterly*. As editor and cub reporter, we rejoice that we have never let a bad pun escape and that we have deliberately added connections, contortions, confusions, and convolutions to keep all y'all continually and constantly commiserating. Did we mention alliteration? We bid you, dear and tolerant readers, a fond farewell as editor and will greet you warmly at Club events.

ROBERT J. CHANDLER



MEMO

From: Dr. Madame President Smith

To: Dr. Chandlerman

After two years of requesting relief from seventeen years of dedicated service spanning two centuries you become a knot-QN-L Editor in 2014. I fear the inevitable dearth of earthbound puns and lore to educate membership on the matter of BCC History, rogue printers, countless executives, and sometimes humorless Directors. The Q will be a different read sans your unwieldy pen and bountiful common sense. But we all can, I believe, anticipate ongoing delightful (or non-lightful) barks and remarks at Book Club gatherings of all kinds.

Indeed I extend, on behalf of all of us, grateful thanks for your uncanny timing to keep listeners and potential readers not-so-serious about "book as art as object". I have witnessed both furling and unfurling of brows at Chandler-handling "huzzahs!" of would-be award winning remarks of peers and superiors. See you Round the Rooms and Warmest Wishes to you and Sue as we bestow the very rare title of Honorary Members.

Posted by Anne W. Smith on behalf of The Book Club of California
with great affection, admiration, and appreciation.

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2

Book Art Object 2 is a record of the third biennial Codex Book Fair and Symposium: "The Fate of the Art," held in Berkeley, California, 2011. Codex events showcase contemporary artist books, fine press and fine art editions produced by the world's most esteemed printers, designers, book artists, and artisans. The book contains 1133 images of 300 books by 140 artists/printers and a selection of the papers delivered at the 2009 and 2011 symposia.

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